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the waiter, is another who baffles our classification. Perhaps he is studying for some profession, and came here for relaxation.

There are the medical students—there is no mistaking them; their rough short coats and sticks, and short claypipes in their cheeks, and voluble “chaff.” Is it possible, that in a few years we shall see these reckless, dissipated, battered-looking young men changed into the staid, grave, exemplary practitioners, “dear doctors,” and so on!

Although the chairman has hammered for order, and obtained it also, there has one figure caught my eye, and I cannot pay any attention to his requests. Have you seen Ailsa Craig, off the Scotch coast, when the waves have been rather rough, how solid and imperturbable the mass of rock sits in the midst of the frothy tumult? Just so, planted on a chair full-face to the platform, sits an Ailsa Craig of a man,—a head like George the Fourth, only fatter; the cheeks spread out into laps over his cravat, and a cataract of double chins falling into his chest, which gradually broadens, and deepens, and thickens into an abyss of stomach, from which two thick short legs spread themselves, with the grave solidity of impassive fat—he keeps a continual smoke from his pipe curling round his head like mists on a mountain. Him no comic art can move to mirth, no tragedy to tears. The strokes of art fall on him like blows on lead, and he returns no echo to her highest strains. Glass after glass of steaming liquor is plunged into his gulf-like receptacle without sending a sparkle into his dull eye, or flushing his flaccid face. Where can a spirit find a lodgement in a form so crammed with flesh?

Up the room, with a loose, swaggering, lounging gait, there come two young men, the fastest of the fast, in their externally-faint mustaches, like sickly exotics, elaborate cravats, rings on their fingers, short canes with large silver handles; they are thin and pale; but *not* interesting, for their eyes are weak and sore, their noses have incipient blushes tinging their extremities, and their tailor’s skill avails not to redeem the manifest emptiness of the cases which they have clothed. With supreme impertinence they draw chairs close to the aforesaid chairman, and take a leisurely stare through their eye-glasses at the company. How little do they really see of what they look at. The faculty of vision, or at least of observation, lies more in the mind than in the eyes. As a relief to this unrealness, the eye falls on a table at the opposite end of the room. A full family party occupies it. The father, compact, though corpulent, with shining bald head, active in handing round the glasses, as though constrained in his coat and accustomed to shirt-sleeves, full of merriment, and his broad shoulders heaving with continual laughter. The old grandmother, gay with all her wrinkles. The plump wife, ever and anon bursting into irrestrainable laughter. “My wife’s sister,” putting a constraint on herself, and with an eye towards a sweetheart. The forward and chattering girl in her first teen. The youth just grown out of his jacket into a coat, and smoking his pipe like a man.

But now the music claims our attention. The pianist, a man with a bald head, red nose, and spectacles, plays with efficiency and taste. The singers are of a good class. Two young ladies (sisters) sing several duets with much skill and power. Selections from the operas, choruses, one or two fine old glees, an admirably executed duet by two boys, whose clear, shrill, sweet voices I shall long remember, occupy the first part. Encores were frequent, and intervals between the performances filled up by busy replenishing of empty glasses, servings up of suppers, and running to and fro of the slippered Ganymedes, so that by this time it had grown on to ten o’clock. The usual effects of the rapid consumption of stimulants begin to show themselves: the applause is noisier, the conversation is louder, the orders are given to the waiters more frequently and more boisterously. The performance is varied now during the second part, to suit the altered temper of the audience. Comic songs, some broad, accompanied by uncouth grimaces and contortions, and strange mirth-moving costumes; others finer, amongst which, two or three of Lover’s given with genuine humour by our chairman. Now the audience like a song with a chorus to it, and are indulged. Also something pa-

triotic tells well,—something telling these Englishmen what a proud thing it is to be one of them, and so forth, which if there were no better qualities than these of eating, drinking, and smoking, might be demurred to. And thus the night wears on till after twelve o’clock; the audience begins to thin, those who remain are noisy. The wind-up is, as usual, “God save the Queen,” and so depart. The chief characteristic of all the amusements at this hall is that of excellence. Whatever is done, is done well. Everything is above mere mediocrity. There is a nice adjustment of proportion, a certain harmony in all the parts. There is not too much of anything, and a very careful execution of such works as are of the higher class of art.

If art, which is good in itself, though not of the very highest or purest order, has a restraining and refining influence on the propensities and grosser tendencies of our natures under certain conditions, it certainly appears to fail when brought into connexion with and made an adjunct to the gratification of the appetites as it is here. Here we have a class of men laborious and strenuous in the acquisition of money—straining every faculty in the fierce headlong race of competition; no work is too hard nor too heavy for them; they are ingenious in invention, they strive painfully and arduously, and this is their *summum bonum*; this the golden apple for which the race is run in early privation, and in continuous struggle—this is their reward, to add the luxuries of art to the demands of appetite, and to purchase with all this waste of life and energy these hours of mere ease and indulgence. This poor result involves so long and costly a process.

Art lights up no inspiring glow in the bosom clogged up and overgrown with gross indulgence and mere appetite. It is not the lustre but the place which it enlightens, which, thus aided by art, evokes our wonder, our solemnity, our rapture, or our loathing and sadness. Like light streaming through the windows of a noble temple, it glorifies and enriches all that is pure in sentiment and taste, when joined to virtue, intellect, freedom or devotion; and as unreservedly, but with how changed an effect, it shines on the orgies of excess and loose riot. Intelligence may be enlisted in the service of crime, and share its odium; and the highest art may serve as a condiment to a pampered appetite, and give a zest to the palled, sated desires of the libertine.

This wedding of art to appetite is the hypocrisy of sensualism, borrowing a virgin’s mantle to cloak a wanton’s form. It is an unequal marriage, and drags the fair and pure down to the coarse level of its grovelling mate. We have an inner work to do—to act on men from the inside outwardly. To the pure and good heart no gay or gorgeous apparelling, no costly and precious garniture, no incense or perfumes, can make the loathsome lovely, the foul fair.

We hang the glorious trophies of genius and art as masks over the grossness and corruption of our lives and hearts. Shall we not rescue them thence, and build up in our spirits and beings temples and shrines of goodness and purity worthy of their wondrous beauty and adornment?

AFRICAN WATER FOWL.

(BALGANCEPS REX.)

OUR world is full of life. No part of nature is destitute of inhabitants. Birds may be said to constitute an isolated class of beings. To this particular department of natural history Mr. Gould has devoted his time and talents, and in his careful examinations has succeeded in presenting to the public some of the most interesting ornithological specimens which have ever been exhibited. His collection of humming birds is unrivalled. Linnæus knew only a few of this class, but Mr. Gould has arranged more than three hundred species, one hundred and thirty of which are new to modern naturalists.

The African water fowl, an engraving of which we present to our readers, discovered upon the western coast of Africa by Mr. Gould, resembles in many particulars another species of bird in the southern states, belonging to the family of the

Cochlorhinques of Mr. Lessen, and known by the name of Savacon (*Cancroma*, Linn.)

The end of the beak and the form of the feet resemble those of the Dodo. The beak of the *Balœnceps Rex** is formed like a spoon, and is very large, it is yellow in the male, and red-brown in the female. The crest is convex, and terminates in a hook at the extremity; it is of a light brown colour, which gradually changes to yellow as it approaches the bill. The nostrils are long. The middle of the lower jaw is membraneous. The skin surrounding the eyes is of a yellow colour, and quite free from hair. The eyes are of a clear greyish brown. The feet are very long, and covered with fine scales, which distinguish this bird from other water fowl, whose feet are generally covered with large and coarse scales. The general colour of the bird is gray, lighter upon the back and feet than at other parts of the

purchased from time to time, as his means allowed him, till he was able to present a case-full beautifully grouped according to his own taste and his ideas of the natural habits of the birds. To this he continually added from subjects caught by himself, from purchases, and from foreign consignments, till his collection became worthy the attention not only of the curious, but of experienced naturalists.

In order that his arrangements might be made in the most scientific manner, he became a devoted student of zoology. He began by studying from books; but his fame having reached the Zoological Society, of London, he was employed to collect and arrange specimens for their museum. The result of his assiduous application has been, that he has gradually risen from a mere seller of stuffed birds to one of the most accomplished naturalists of Europe.



AFRICAN WATER FOWL.

body. The feathers at the back of the head are long and of a peculiar form. The tail of the bird resembles that of the Jabiva of our own country. It inhabits the marshy districts of Africa, and subsists upon the fish and small reptiles which there abound.

The highest praise is due to Mr. Gould for his indefatigable perseverance and zeal in ornithological pursuits. The world owes to him a large debt of gratitude. The story of his life furnishes another pleasing proof of what may be effected by industry and perseverance, especially when following the bent of native taste and talent. It seems that Mr. Gould's taste for this peculiar department of natural history was begotten or drawn forth by his noticing, when young, the specimens exhibited in what are called curiosity shops. Some of these he

* *Balœnceps*, a word derived from *Balœna*, a whale, on account of the peculiar formation of the beak.

It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Gould married a lady as passionately fond of the science as himself; and while he was able to write scientifically, his wife was able to illustrate his writings with accurate and beautiful delineations of the objects he described. Their joint work, "A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains," is a volume of great beauty and interest, and was necessarily published at a high price, and has now become scarce. His "Birds of Australia" comprises the labour of ten years; it is a magnificent work, containing an account of six hundred species, drawn and described from actual observation of their haunts and manners. His wife, who was the companion of his voyage, had drawn on stone nearly all the plates of "The Birds of Europe;" but she died soon after their return from Australia in 1840, leaving behind her a very large collection of ornithological and botanical drawings.